AN

ELEGY

On the much Lamented Death of *Denis Daly*, one of the late King *James*'s Judges in this Kingdom, who Departed this Life, at his Lodgings in *High-ſtreet Dublin*, on *Saturday* the 11*th* of this Inſtant *March* 1720-21.

COME help me now ye Muſes, to deplore,
The Death of great *Daly* who heretofore,
Was one of the Judges, then belonging,
To late *James*, who Reign'd as Sovereign King.
In which Station, no Man could be more Juſt,
Or more Impartial, when in that great Truſt,
He Juſtice equally diſtributed,
And from Juſtice, never could be Byaſed.
Wittneſs the Poor, who never could complain,
Of any Wrong, that they did by him ſuſtain,
And when from that Place he was degraded,
No Man e'er could ſay, he miſbehaved.
Now his juſt Soul, does Mount above the Sky,
Where Quires of Angels, Sing Harmoniouſly
No doubt his precious Soul, is bleſt above,
Who had the Prayers, as well as Peoples Love,
A general Grief thro' *Ireland* is ſhewn,
The Rich, the Poor, the Young, the Old, muſt own
Th' like of him is n't in this Land behind
So Great, ſo Virtous, ſo Loveing and Kind,
The Widdows, Orphans and the Fatherleſs,
Are now left Forlorn, and Comfortleſs,
Since their chiefeſt ſuporter *Daly*'s gone
Who ſupply'd their Wants, and redreſs'd ther wrong
His chiefeſt care, was to relieve the Poor,
And Fed them ſeverally at his Door,
But alas! they may Weep and Mourn,
Since he is gone, that ſerv'd them Eve and Morn.
Ah! cruel Death, how could thy fatal Dart
Aim at ſo great, and ſo noble a Heart,
Could nothing elſe, thy furious Rage ſuffice,
But take great *Daly*, for thy Sacrafice,
What? tho' our Tears ſhould flow down in Showers
There's no reſiſting the Almighty Powers,
And tho' they flow'd like ſhowers of Rain,
There's no recalling of him back agair,
But ſince he is gone to the Heavenly Sphere,
Let's live in hopes, with Joy to meet him there.

EPITAPH.

UNderneath this could Stone, lyes the Body,
Of the Pious, Juſt, and matchleſs *Daly*
Who for his good Works, receives the bounty,
Of Eternal Bleſs, and conſtant Glory.